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# GEOGRAPHICAL

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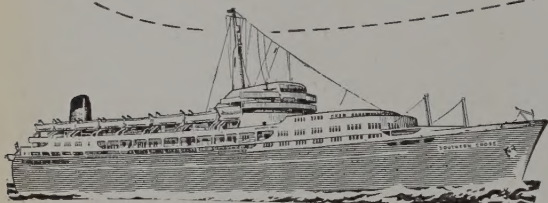
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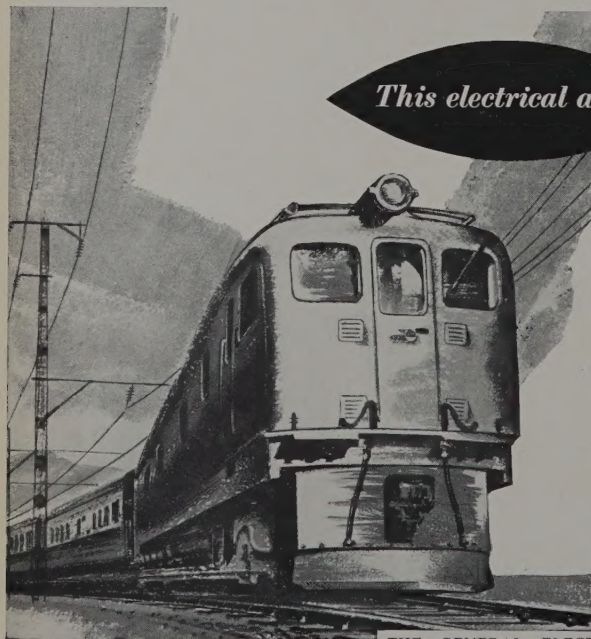


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# Mediaeval Trade in Monumental Brasses

by M. W. NORRIS

*This drawing from an early 14th-century manuscript, shows a master-craftsman supervising the engraving of an incised slab, the stone counterpart of a monumental brass*



British Museum

INTERNATIONAL trade throughout the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries in Europe was an established but somewhat hazardous affair. Internal customs barriers, an absence of police and acquisitive unruliness made the transport of valuable goods a little speculative. It is often stated as a generalization that in northern Europe commercial commodities were of a practical kind and that the Mediterranean lands by contrast dealt in costly luxuries. The great fairs held in Champagne did for a long time provide an overland meeting-place for traders of both spheres, but the journeys were not without perils and irritating expense. Many reaped the benefits of commercial profits en route. It is something of a surprise, then, that during this period a brisk trade in memorials for the dead, chiefly in the form of monumental brasses, was carried on throughout the North.

On further examination it proves less peculiar. Church furnishings and fittings of all sorts had a very considerable and increasing market in a Catholic world. There was little national feeling to hinder the high repute of "foreign" craftsmen. Transport was the chief difficulty, though in the case of these monuments, even this was by no means overwhelming. So long as the centres of production were near the coast both salesman and purchaser could exploit the wide-spread carrier trade of the Hanseatic League. This vast and important Germano-Baltic trading association retained extensive depots or "steelyards" in all the northern states, and even carried trade further south, a circumstance greatly favouring this particular form of commerce. While it existed only on a

moderate scale, the interchange of monuments, and monumental brasses in particular, casts an interesting sidelight on the factors governing mediaeval trade generally and on local ideas.

The floor brass was a very popular form of memorial representation. A "brass" plate, beaten and made from a fusion of copper and calamine ore, could be engraved with much beauty and provide a durable record of the merits and achievements of the deceased. All the prosperous classes of the community purchased them: merchants, knights, bishops, cardinals and even royalty. Small effigies were often prepared ready for the choice of the poorer buyer. Many were engraved in the lifetime of those honoured, a fact that ensured their suitability.

The actual engraving was executed with a sharp instrument called a burin. After the lines had been filled in with coloured wax or other pigments, the brass offered a smooth surface and could be let unobtrusively into the floor. The plates were secured to the stone base with rivets and usually some form of pitch. Memorials of this kind remained popular until well into the 17th century, though Calvinist zeal and later neglect destroyed a large majority of what had once been laid. The French Revolution stripped France, and throughout northern Europe the bare case-ments testify to the ravages of bigotry and greed. Nevertheless sufficient remain for our purpose.

The abundance of raw materials and the skill of the engravers tended to produce local styles and schools of production. The great deposits of copper in the Harz, and of cala-





*From the author*

*Bishop Hallum; c. 1416. Constance Cathedral. The complete absence of a background other than the stone base is typically English treatment*

of plate were inlaid, was certainly encouraged in the interests of economy. The memorial to Bishop Hallum in Constance Cathedral is an excellent example of this. The idea in itself was probably continental; only in England was its use general and almost exclusive.

The Flemings had every advantage. Their industrial communities surpassed in their development all others in the North. Their artists were masters of design, and versatile in metal work. The towns of their industry, Tournai, Dinant and Huy among others, were tolerably placed in relation to overland routes. The ports, amply supplied with inland waterways, were ideal for mediaeval commerce, and many were moreover depots of the Hanseatic League. In effect the Flemings could make the finest goods and export them, and the demand their skill attracted enabled their techniques to develop yet further. Their engravers worked on a grand scale. The plate of Geoffrey and Frederic von Bülow at Schwerin is well over eighty square feet in size. Another in the same cathedral is little less. Nearly all the numerous plates extant in Bruges exceed six or seven feet in length. There was no need for economy, and designs were worked out over the whole expanse of plate, or cut out at will. Throughout the 14th and early 15th centuries the brasses were made in two basic patterns: either a large figure surrounded by a long inscription that framed the whole, or an even larger figure or figures surmounted by elaborate canopies. These could be on any scale, but the wealthy apparently favoured the conspicuous. The canopies reached the most extravagant Gothic forms, flanked by saints and prophets and filled with angels and representations of the Deity. The backgrounds moreover were filled with flowers, geometric fancies or small monsters, writhing and howling. The portrait of the deceased was completely stylized, the eyes closed or staring, the lips pronounced and the hair loose.

In contrast, however, to this restraint, the

mine round Aachen and in the Ardennes favoured an industry in Germany and Flanders. England on the other hand made little or no brass of her own until the reign of Elizabeth, though she imported great quantities of prepared plate from the continent. A 15th-century reference to "Cullen" plate would suggest Cologne as a major source, though probably one of several. The necessity of purchasing the plate from abroad had a great influence on the English engravers. Their adoption of the stone base as a background to the brass, in which separate pieces



*From the author*



(Right) Bishops Geoffrey and Fred-  
eric von Bülow ; c. 1375. Schwerin.  
This, the largest surviving brass in  
the world (over eighty square feet  
in size), is Flemish craftsman-  
ship in excelsis. The columns of  
canopied saints and prophets are a  
common feature. The chasubles are  
richly decorated with howling beasts,  
heads, foliage and the family arms.  
Kings, playing musical instruments,  
sit in between the curves of the  
inscription and form a curious Jesse  
tree. Jesse himself lies asleep at  
the base. Several cracks apparent  
on the surface are produced by the  
junction of separate plates, as it  
would have been impossible to cast  
a single plate of such dimensions.  
At the feet of the bishops are two  
panels depicting woodwoses, or wild  
men of the forests. That on the right  
records the abduction of a  
lady for their hairy monarch while  
her enraged husband pursues on  
horseback. They are feasting in the  
one on the left, of which a detail is  
shown (opposite). Their king sits,  
crowned, in the centre; a cask is  
being broached on the left and a pig  
is being roasted on the right. Such  
compartments at the bases of brasses,  
of which the "Peacock Feast" at  
King's Lynn is the most famous,  
were popular in the 14th century.  
They portrayed traditional tales, the  
lives of saints or country pursuits







From the author

artists filled the base with most whimsical conceits. The detail from Schwerin here illustrated shows a feast of wild-men or "wood-woses". More carouse at Toruń in Poland. At Newark in Nottinghamshire huntsmen follow the chase and at King's Lynn the brass to Robert Braunele (1364) displays an elaborate peacock feast. His neighbour Adam de Walsoken shows follies in country life and a fine little post-mill. Renaissance ideas displaced these themes. The canopies made way for extravagant heraldry or classical architecture. The figures became less stylized and the designs more intimate, as in the monument to the London Merchant Andrew Evyngar. But the skill was by no means diminished and the craftsmen prospered.

Evidence of many kinds proves the greatness of this industry. Its products are unmistakable and their distribution revealing. The Hansa centres in Germany retain, or once contained, considerable numbers. Emden, Bremen, Stralsund, Schwerin and above all Lübeck preserve much. Rostock, Bad Döberan, Lüneburg and Cologne were among them. In Denmark the superb royal brass to King Elric Menved and his wife survives,

(Left) Andrew Evyngar; 1530. All Hallows, Barking, London. A very delightful brass to a Flemish merchant, made in Flanders, but sent to London. The arms above are those of the Salters' and Merchant Adventurers' Companies. Andrew's merchant mark is set between the feet of the figures. The pietà above is an unusual feature. The obliteration of much of the inscription was probably done to conform with Protestant ideas: such mid-16th-century mutilation is common in London. (Below) Bishop Johannes II of Naumberg; c. 1438. Zeitz. This is an example of the pattern adopted by the Germans in the 15th century. The star-spangled canopy is a remnant of earlier ideas and is possibly derived from Flemish models. The naturalism of this brass is in marked contrast to the stylization of the Bülow monument at Schwerin, on the previous page

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while others were known at Ribe and Roskilde. Toruń in Poland, Poznań further inland and even Nousis in Finland have more. To the west and south there is no decrease. The English East Coast ports of Boston, Lynn and London were profitable centres. The churches of the Wash retain numbers of incised slabs and stones bereft of their Flemish brasses. Hertfordshire, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire all possess examples. Scotland, whose inhabitants had little love for their southern neighbour, preferred to buy overseas, and once possessed a long series. Destroyed as "Popery" they preceded their fellows in France, ripped up in the Revolution for more miserable motives, and remaining only in old drawings. Yet further south, Seville and Madrid in Spain, Coimbra in Portugal, Susa in Italy and several others complete the picture. The original quantity can only be imagined from the churches of the Low Countries, once almost paved with splendour. Only a fragment survives.

Literary evidence bears further proof of the international demand. The 14th-century wills of Wedekin Warendorp, Hermann Gallin of Lübeck and of Thomas de la Mare, Abbot of St Albans, ask specifically for Flemish brasses. Scottish documents are more detailed. The ledger belonging to Sir Andrew Halyburton, Scottish "Consul" at the port of Veere near Middelburg, has interesting entries from 1493 to 1505. Several monuments appear on his records. One for William Scheves, Archbishop of St Andrews, was

bought at Bruges for an equivalent of £9 (a considerable sum in the 15th century). Another of 1496 cost about £2 10s. od. including some 1s. 3d. for packing it, 10d. for toll at Bruges, 8d. for the stevedore and 1s. 9d. for the barge hire to Veere. The Scots were still importing in the early 17th century. Duncan Liddel of Aberdeen had a plate brought from Antwerp but by 1622 inflation had raised the price to £49 8s. 9d.!

The labour of transport must have been considerable. The large plates themselves were made of composite pieces and could be stored accordingly. The great stones were quite another matter. Moreover much detailed instruction must have passed between craftsman and purchaser prior to execution. The scripts had to be appropriate—Latin, Spanish, Flemish or later English. The heraldry also and other details had to be correct. Standards were exacting, judging from rejected plates that were reversed and reingraved a few years later. It must have been both cheaper and easier to buy a local product in London, York, Cologne or Lübeck. Quality and prestige were high to justify the extra trouble.

The craftsmen of Germany were seriously handicapped by comparison with those of Flanders. For well over a century their skill in this particular type of work could not compare with that of their rivals. Metal-casting was more widely employed for monuments within Germany, and engraving appears as a sideline. The ample metal deposits described above found other uses. The early German





brasses, one at Verden as old as 1231, have a simple and bold treatment, but the actual execution is inferior, and was quite clearly unable to hold its own against Flemish work. The brass of Bishop Johannes II of Naumberg at the Collegiate Church of Zeitz dates from about 1438 and is one of the best: the heavy curtain at the back, the side view of the figure and scanty canopy are typical of the work of the Masters in the Nuremberg area. However by the early 16th century there were rapid developments. The great family of casters, the Vischers of Nuremberg, engraved several large works, especially those at Meissen for the Saxon Dukes. Their lead was followed by the Hilliger family of Freiberg who produced even more. The detail illustration from the brass of Duke Henry the Pious, 1541, at Freiberg is typical of work of the period, in which the designs of first-class artists were employed. Dürer's influence is evident at Meissen, while the portrait of Duke Henry

has been copied direct from a full-length painting by Cranach. Distances were too great for the German Masters to invade the Western market had they wished to do so, but they could sell to the East, and huge plates to ecclesiastics at Poznań and Warsaw are definitely their products, the latter probably from the workshops of the elder Peter Vischer. Metal-casting was their peculiar craft. Church fittings of this treatment were exported wholesale, and the brasses caught a little of their glory.

There is too little French work left to assess its qualities, though certain plates in England may originate from there. A remarkable brass of the 14th century at Elsing in Norfolk, exquisitely engraved with little armoured figures of English royalty and notables, and suspected of having been once decorated with coloured glass, has certainly no English or Flemish counterparts. A fine knight at Chart-ham, Kent, with long curls and crossed legs,

*Duke Henry the Pious; 1541. Freiberg. The upper half of one of the most striking brasses of the Saxon series at Freiberg and Meissen. The border is similar to book-plates of the period. The background is fanciful but the figure is an almost exact reproduction of a painting by Cranach*

*From the author*







*By courtesy of the Director of the Stadt Museum, Freiberg*

*A general view of the choir at Freiberg which is filled with monuments to the Saxon Dukes. The brasses—some thirty in all—paving the floor were mostly engraved by members of the Hilliger family. They range in date from the middle of the 16th century to the second quarter of the 17th*

a lady at Trotton, Sussex, once resplendent with small enamelled shields, and a priest at Horsmonden, Kent, with heavy vestments and stubbled chin, have all been suggested as of French workmanship, but the evidence is not conclusive.

On the other hand, as a worn pair at Bordeaux prove, England exported to France or at least to the English Crown's possessions there. English brasses remain in great numbers, and their direct and simpler treatment is unmistakable. The man at Bordeaux was probably a merchant whose brass was prepared in his lifetime. As he died overseas, it was sent after him. Similar circumstances explain the memorial of Bishop Hallum, *c.* 1415, of Salisbury, who acted as British representative at the great Council of Constance, and died during the course of his duties. He lies before the high altar of Constance Cathedral,

and the brass above his grave is distinctly English in style and manner.

It has been my purpose to stress the differences between the national products, to show how far the interchange of these goods was pursued. But the contrasts must not be overdone. In a real sense the same spirit and purpose embraced them all. Till the mid-15th century, the engravers were Gothic in their treatment, whether English, Fleming or German. A century later they were all Renaissance, attempting perspective, excessive shading effects and all manner of devices unsuited to the medium. They sought at first to glorify both God and Man, and gradually abandoned the higher task. They rose together and declined together. By 1650 their craft and trade had disappeared. The record of their industry survives. The artists remain anonymous.



# The Rhône and the Future

by H. DENNIS JONES

*Laurence Sterne remarked 200 years ago that "they order this matter better in France". It has since become a British habit rather to deplore disorder among our nearest neighbours; yet a courage and persistence transcending order were required to achieve in the face of enemy occupation and post-war troubles the great engineering works by which the Rhône valley is being transformed*

DESPITE much textbook study in schools and universities of the Rhône valley I suspect that the river itself is a pretty shadowy personality to most people. It rarely takes on the strongly personal character of, say, the Rhine, the Thames or the Danube. (Have you ever heard a song about the Rhône?) And yet, if you follow the great river from its much-visited source in the Rhône glacier to its rarely-seen junction with the Mediterranean in the lonely Camargue you might well wonder at its lack of fame.

The Rhône rises beyond Gletsch high up in the central Alpine range. At first it is a pure mountain torrent, dropping over 4000 feet in its first twenty-five miles. From Brig onwards it levels out in the bottom of the lovely valley that finally carries it into the great natural reservoir of Lake Geneva. Through the town of Geneva it winds across the plain to the French frontier and the sudden, impressive gateway of the gorge known as the Défilé de l'Ecuse. From here on until beyond Yenne it runs mostly in deep limestone gorges, flanked by the rolling mountains of the Jura and Savoy, then north-westwards through friendlier country to the ancient industrial city of Lyons and its junction with the gentle, green-banked Saône.

Its course is now already half run. But it is only from Lyons southwards as far as Avignon that the river is at all well known, and then only at a few points. Yet just as the country bordering the Rhône above Lyons is well worth exploring, so a leisurely journey by road down the *right* bank from Lyons, avoiding the overcrowded Route Nationale 7, the main road to Marseilles and the Riviera, on the other side, reveals unexpected delights. Here you are never far from the river: you glimpse it pouring through still more gorges and swinging in great arcs that make navigation difficult. You pass through little villages like Châteaubriand and Viviers, near Donzère, that seem to have altered little during the centuries. You have time to watch the men and women at work in their fields and in the vineyards that terrace the hills flanking

the river to give us the Côtes du Rhône wines.

By Pont-St-Esprit—where, incidentally, both roads cease completely to follow the Rhône's course—you seem to be entering a different world: different in time as well as space. The huge river swirls powerfully on: at Châteauneuf-du-Pape a car which accidentally overran the car-ferry was washed up fully ten miles downstream. Nevertheless, within a few yards of its banks the ground is sun-baked, dry and thirsty with dust in a way that hardly seems European. Avignon, Orange and Arles have, as it were, modern accretions though even they seem to live largely in the past. Châteauneuf-du-Pape has grown wealthy and world-famous on the ancient trade of wine. Such modernities as bathrooms, however, are rarities there. In a town like Beaucaire, with its castle, its walls and narrow streets, you feel yourself completely back in the Middle Ages.

If you venture beyond Arles, founded by Caesar for his ex-soldiers 2002 years ago, you find yourself seemingly alone on the eerie expanse of the glacial plain stretching down to the sea and covering the Rhône delta. The people, if you meet any, are silent, traffic almost non-existent, the large, gaunt farmhouses, the *mas*, that I first met in Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin* but never managed to visualize, appear permanently shuttered if not against brigands and wolves (you begin to think like this) then against the sun. The long narrow roads lead only to villages like Aigues-Mortes or Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer and to the sleepy little port at the river's main mouth, St-Louis-du-Rhône. Here a charming, unshaven, sweating gendarme made me unpack every bag and produce every document that ever bedevilled a traveller, apologizing gracefully all the while. "You understand, monsieur—not my wish—the inspector—nothing whatever to do—never seen a G.B. plate here before." The only touch of modernity, if you exclude a few more or less modern cars and lorries—is an occasional rice-field. The region is well





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All photographs, except one, by the au

(Above) *The Défilé de l'Ecluse on the Swiss Frontier is the first of the French Rhône's many limestone gorges. (Below) The great dam at Génissiat looks tiny against the surrounding hills, but flood waters released through its giant spillway on the left can suddenly raise the river's level for several miles*





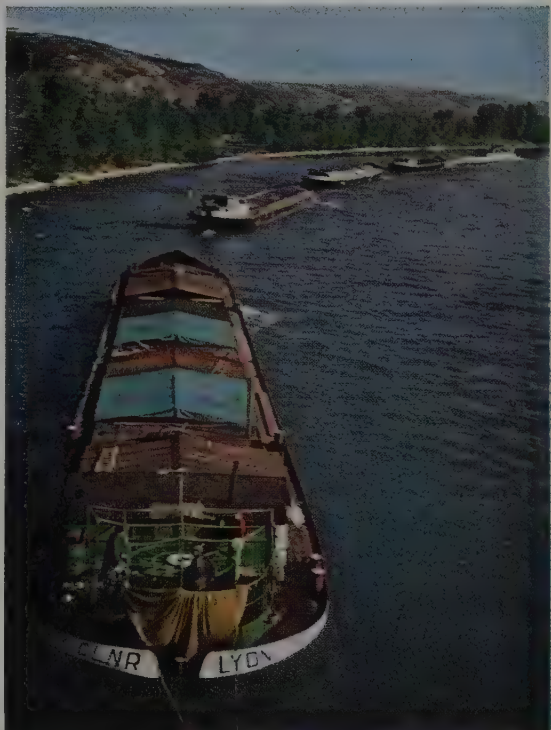


*The actual confluence of the Saône, flowing from the left of the picture, and the Rhône on the outskirts of Lyons is not impressive. But the junction of the two valley routes has made Lyons one of Europe's most important towns for almost two thousand years. In Roman times Lyons, capital of central Gaul, was a thriving junction for inland water-transport*





The main road and the railway line from Lyons to Marseilles and the Riviera follow the left bank of the Rhône, but the right bank below Valence is still almost wholly unspoiled. Small villages like Châteaubriant (above) hardly seem to have altered at all for generations, even though the boat sailing up the Rhône as it curves along the base of the Cévennes Mountains and through the gorge in the distance is a modern petrol tanker. (Right) In order to demonstrate the possibilities of navigation on the fast-flowing river the Compagnie Nationale du Rhône has built the Frédéric Mistral, a four-screwed tug capable of towing four large vessels upstream. The Frédéric Mistral, registered in Strasbourg, plies regularly between Mediterranean and Rhine following, above Lyons, first the Saône and then the canals. But if plans for harnessing the river to modern needs mature, a better route may one day be available through Lake Geneva, and the whole of the Rhône from there to its mouth may become as busy a waterway as is the modern Rhine







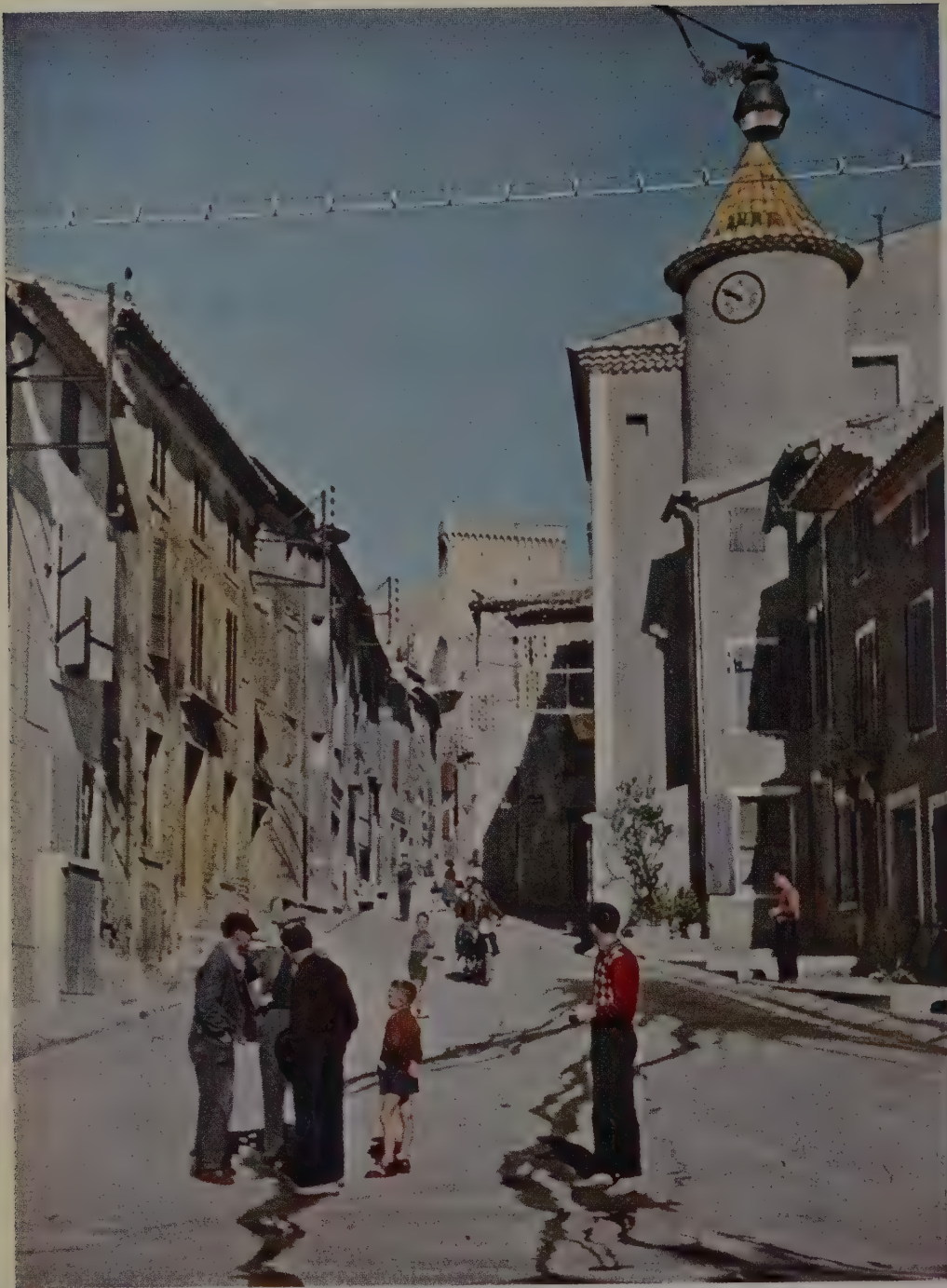
The canal short-circuiting nearly twenty miles of the Rhône between Donzère and Mondragon is designed to fulfil the three tasks laid by law upon the *Compagnie Nationale du Rhône*. (Left) The power-house of the dam built across the canal ten miles from Donzère will supply electricity to industrial sites on the canal's bank and is already helping to electrify the railway from Lyons to Marseilles. Beyond the power-house stand the installations (below) which distribute the electricity generated, while the nearer side of the dam is completed by (opposite) a huge lock, part of the improvement in navigation provided by the canal. Although its fall, over eighty feet, is the deepest in the world the lock can be emptied in ten minutes. The third purpose of the canal—irrigation—has yet to be carried out; but plans are already made















(Opposite) The little town of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, which stands on low hills above the Rhône some ten miles from Avignon, takes its name from the 14th-century castle built by the Popes of Avignon. Today, though known throughout the world for the wine made from grapes grown on its hillsides, it still retains much of its mediæval character despite the modern garb of the timeless groups that stand and chat in the main street on Sundays. (Above) Brush-making is an old-established industry at Lapalud, a village on the main Riviera road only a few miles from the Donzère-Mondragon dam. But modern 'imports' are ousting the old rush brooms. Here, at a particularly dangerous corner, gaily painted nylon brushes displayed for sale cause passing motorists to brake and stop without warning. But the oldest and as yet the most important of the Rhône valley's industries is still the grape. (Right) At harvest time young and old alike come to help with a job that has not altered in thousands of years. This vineyard, on the left bank of the Rhône opposite Pont-St-Esprit, might be almost anywhere between Avignon and Yenne





Cartier-Bresson

(Above) Avignon, "where history so easily comes alive". On the right is the massive 14th-century Papal Palace. It ceased to be the Pope's residence in 1408, though the city was ruled by Papal Legates until 1791. (Below) The little port of St-Louis-du-Rhône may achieve greatness in an industrialized future





suiting to rice-growing, but conservative farmers have other ideas.

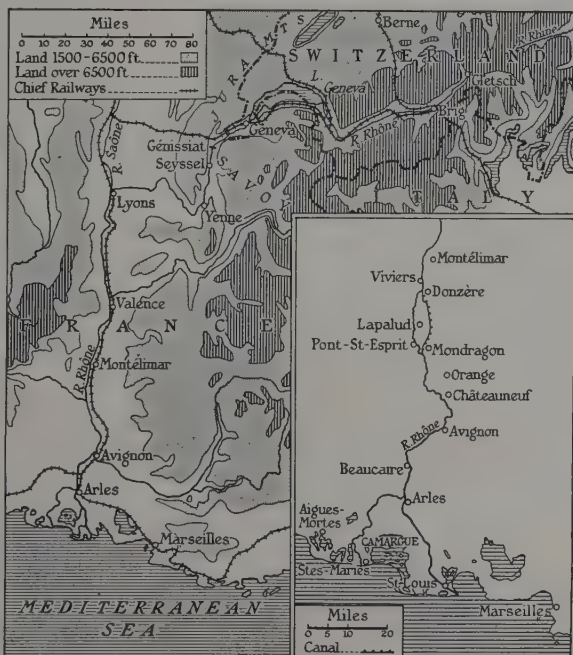
It is impossible to travel far along the Rhône without being almost overwhelmed by the impact of the history made in its valley. Since the dawn of civilization it has been one of Europe's great highways. Phoenician traders went up the valley, the Celts moved southwards down it. Some 2500 years ago, when Greeks from Phocaea were settling into the harbour they called Massilia—Marseilles—the route up the Rhône and Saône valleys was well enough established for a vast and unbelievably lovely bronze maker to have been carried from its Greek crater to a Celtic princess living between the headwaters of Seine and Saône, in whose grave it was found a few years ago. Hannibal followed the lower reaches of the Rhône. Caesar marched right up to the Défilé de l'Ecluse to deal with invading Helvetii. Roman civilization spread rapidly up the Rhône: Lugdunum—now Lyons—became one of the greatest of Roman cities. Centuries later, in mediaeval times, it was still as important. And what of Avignon with its vast 14th-century Papal Palace, the broken bridge of St Bénézet and the cardinals' residences on the opposite bank? What of a score of other places where history so easily comes alive for the visitor?

But while the past comes to life easily along the Rhône the present often seems strangely dead. The river is not busy with craft like Thames or Rhine or Seine. No great port stands at its mouth. You can buy a steamer ticket between Rotterdam and Bâle or for a dozen shorter runs on the Rhine as a matter of course, but only one concern offers passages from Lyons to the Mediterranean, downstream only. The Rhône a century ago was busier than the Rhine. Today, thanks to the Rhineland's industrialization and navigational improvements to the river, the Rhine's traffic is a hundred times that of the Rhône below Lyons. Above Lyons the Rhône is little used.

For all that, things are not quite as moribund as they may appear. Two major schemes for harnessing the Rhône to modern needs have already

been completed. Tucked away at the bottom of a gorge in the Jura is what you take to be a small concrete dam—until you stand inside its enormous generator room and realize that you have been tricked by the scale of the surrounding hills. Here at Génissiat is the most powerful hydro-electric barrage in western Europe, capable of supplying half of all Paris's electricity. Its site is ideal. The lake created by the dam, over 200 feet above the previous water-level, extends for fifteen miles upstream but does not overflow the natural banks of the gorge. The plateau to the west provides an emplacement for electrical transmission equipment and, in time, for locks and navigational canal.

Génissiat has an extraordinary history. Preliminary work began in 1937. By 1939 the Rhône had been diverted into two tunnels, one in each wall of the gorge, so that the dam could be built dry. When the Germans invaded France the military authorities ordered the site to be flooded. Nevertheless work started again during the occupation and under the very noses of the Germans ton upon ton of steel was smuggled in. In 1944 there was bitter fighting between *maquisards* and Germans round the dam. The liberation brought economic difficulties



A. J. Thornton

that all but halted work. But despite everything electricity was being produced by January 1948.

Travellers bound by rail or road for Marseilles or the Riviera can hardly miss the other scheme, though they would not necessarily realize that in order to construct the canal which they cross twice between Montélimar and Orange half as much earth had to be moved as for Suez. This canal, seventeen miles long, short-circuits nineteen miles of the Rhône between Donzère and Mondragon, where navigation is especially difficult, and on it stands another vast hydro-electric barrage together with a lock that has a fall of over eighty feet, the deepest in the world. In a way the canal, dam and lock of Donzère-Mondragon are even more impressive than Génissiat for apart even from the sheer quantity of digging the scheme has involved elaborate control-barrages on the river and the canal entrance at Donzère, together with the construction of nearly a dozen road and railway bridges and a whole new village to house the workers. Digging of the canal proceeded in the dry until the water-table was reached, then dredgers were launched to take over.

The dam at Génissiat has already made possible the electrification of the main Paris-Lyons railway line: Donzère-Mondragon will help electrification to be carried as far as Marseilles. The new canal and lock have improved navigation on the lower Rhône. On the banks of this canal is plenty of space for the heavy industries which need convenient bulk transport, by rail or water, and abundant electrical power. In the future, too, the works at Donzère-Mondragon will irrigate the half-barren land near Orange and make it as fertile for market-gardening as the celebrated Plaine de Cavaillon nearby.

Génissiat and Donzère-Mondragon are not the only improvements already achieved on the Rhône. A smaller hydro-electric barrage has been built a little below Génissiat at Seyssel; shoals near Arles have been removed; a modern river-port has been built at Lyons; a specially-designed 2200-horse-power, four-screwed tug, the *Frédéric Mistral*, capable of towing four barges, each about 230 feet long, has been put into service; and work on another canal and power-station directly above Donzère is in full swing. And all this is only a fraction of what has been planned. If all goes well there will one day be another twenty hydro-electric power-stations and another eight canals, including a "Lyons by-pass", to help navigation. Much poor soil

will be fertilized by irrigation, the valley will become one of Europe's most important industrial areas, the whole river will be navigable up to Lake Geneva, the Swiss may yet be persuaded to build a canal connecting the Lake with the Rhine, and there may at last be a great seaport—perhaps at sleepy St Louis—at the mouth of the Rhône. It is certainly an inspiring prospect.

The concern responsible for all this work, limited of course to the French part of the river, is the Compagnie Nationale du Rhône, a government-sponsored body on whose board public bodies such as the railways, the Electricité de France and interested local authorities are represented along with chambers of commerce and industrial associations. One of the C.N.R.'s main founders was Edouard Herriot, a pupil of the great geographer Vidal de Lablache, who himself fought hard to have the Rhône's potentialities harnessed. They are undoubtedly doing a magnificent job.

But while all the technical difficulties are already virtually solved and all the plans made, the C.N.R. has been constantly baulked by two intractable human problems. One is lack of capital or, more accurately, absence of savings: only American aid made Donzère-Mondragon possible. The other is the aimless argumentativeness which seems to be destroying the cohesion of France as surely as it destroyed the power of ancient Athens. If you had seen a group of ordinary, decent Frenchmen standing round a man with a broken arm, cracked leg and various minor injuries pinned under a motor-cycle from whose smashed battery acid was dripping onto him perilously near open wounds, while the men argued furiously whether to move the machine or leave it there until the police (whom none thought to send for) arrived, you would appreciate what I mean—especially if you had been under the bike, as I was. I had some minutes of this. The C.N.R. has had years. Its formation was sanctioned by law in 1921, but its constitution not settled till 1934. The suitability of the Génissiat site had been fully proven in 1911, but even preliminary work was not sanctioned till 1937. The rock, said the self-appointed experts in the French press, would not hold, the Rhône—presumably in pique—would disappear into an underground cavern, no-one would buy the electricity. But these "paper barrages", as Herriot called them, have been laboriously smashed; capital has somehow been scraped together. The dream of a revitalized Rhône may yet be fulfilled.



# McGill's Place in Canada and the World

by LEONARD BEATON

*How does a University attain the character to make it world-famous? In nearly every case a different answer is required. Mr Beaton, a graduate of McGill, gives his, which may be summed up geographically: "Because it is where it is"—in North America, but not American; in French Canada, but not French-Canadian. Mr Beaton analyses the qualities engendered by this situation*

SEVERAL years ago, a distinguished British soldier was outlining to the press his plans for a forthcoming visit to Canada and made a point of the fact that he would be going to McGill University while he was in Montreal. A reporter from a Toronto newspaper, quick to do his duty by his readers, asked if he would also be going to the University of Toronto. The frank reply that he had never heard of the University of Toronto was prominently reported to astonished newspaper readers in Canada.

This may perhaps be less surprising to people in other countries. To Canadians, the University of Toronto is much larger and wealthier than any other university in the country and is considered to be as good as McGill in most subjects and better in some—notably the humanities and the social sciences. Yet in all parts of the world there are people who, like the general, could name McGill and no other Canadian university. For some, it is the place where Stephen Leacock taught; for others, it is associated with the famous medical school built up by Sir William Osler; or with Lord Rutherford's atomic research (it is said that in some rooms in the Physics Building experiments involving Geiger counters still cannot be done because the radioactivity in the walls sets them ticking); or with Dr Wilder Penfield and the Montreal Neurological Institute.

But McGill's reputation is owed to something more than the names of the great men it has allowed to do their work. It is one of those universities which has consistently looked beyond the community which gave it birth and made all Canada—indeed most of the English-speaking world—its constituency.

It is situated in the heart of Canada's greatest city, Montreal, on the southern slopes of Mount Royal, the wooded elevation which looks down across shops, industries

and financial houses to the great harbour. When it was founded early in the 19th century, McGill's buildings were in the country. Now its green campus ends abruptly at Sherbrooke Street and Montreal's principal shopping district. The city, meanwhile, has spread around McGill and the mountain (for this is the ambitious title Montrealers give it) and is growing away rapidly to the north.

The university itself has moved slowly up the side of Mount Royal by steady building and acquisition. Great houses built on the slopes in the late 19th century have been left to it one by one until now its schools and departments are spread through buildings which range in style from rambling Victorian to the cleanest of modern institutional.

Despite the splendour of its site, McGill long ago accepted its fate as a big-city university. A high proportion of its students reach their classes on public transport from homes in the suburbs; many more live in rooms scattered through the district. This creates serious problems in giving students centres for their college life. A small proportion of men live in university residences and others live in the Greek-letter fraternity houses which came into Canadian life from the United States before the turn of the century. But most students are not connected either with a residence or a fraternity and must find their base in their classes or in college societies.

Things are better for women. McGill has never had a college system and has not begun to move towards one, but the Royal Victoria College, a women's foundation, has remained since its entry into the University as a residence and centre of activity.

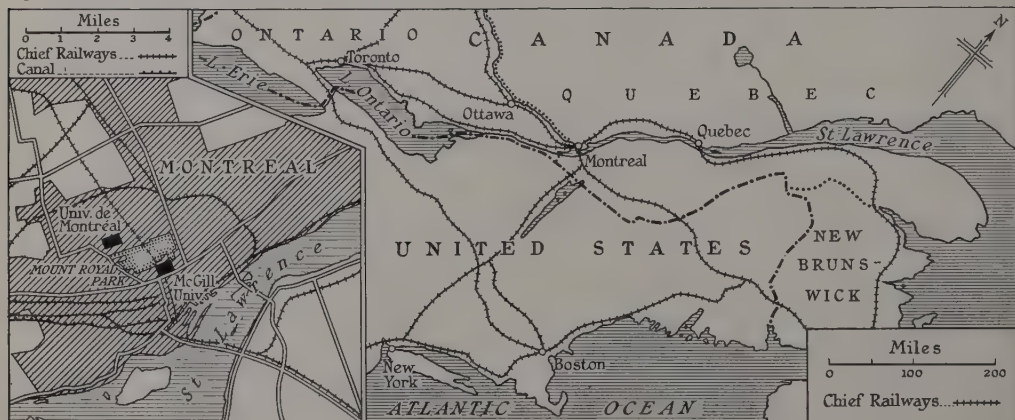
In seeking the reasons for McGill's renown and in trying to estimate what its future is likely to be, it is essential to look first at the 33 per cent of the population of Montreal which is English-speaking. They



All photographs, except three, from the Graduates' Society of McGill University

*Looked at from the direction of the harbour, McGill's buildings spread around the green campus in comfortable disorder. From the south and east, Montreal presses densely in on it; but Mount Royal behind permits it to breathe. Above the main University buildings in the centre the Royal Victoria Hospital and Montreal Neurological Institute can be seen; to their right is the football stadium*

A. J. Thornton





are the men who have financed, governed and stamped their character on the University.

Montreal is (and will remain until the deep waterway is dredged) the highest point which ocean-going ships can reach on the St Lawrence River—the natural highway into North America—and its English-speaking population came as traders and industrialists. The great houses now falling to McGill were built by the Scottish merchant adventurers who made Montreal the headquarters of the fur trade and went on to build the railways which made Canada a reality.

The English-speaking people of Montreal are thus a pocket in the Province of Quebec and they can often understand more easily what is happening across the world than in their own Provincial affairs. This is why the fact that McGill is in what was once called New France has played no great part in its development. Its language is English, its spirit Protestant and secular. Many French-speaking Canadians have come to it as students (among whom must be numbered Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the great Canadian Prime Minister), but they came expecting to find there a different world from the one they knew at home.

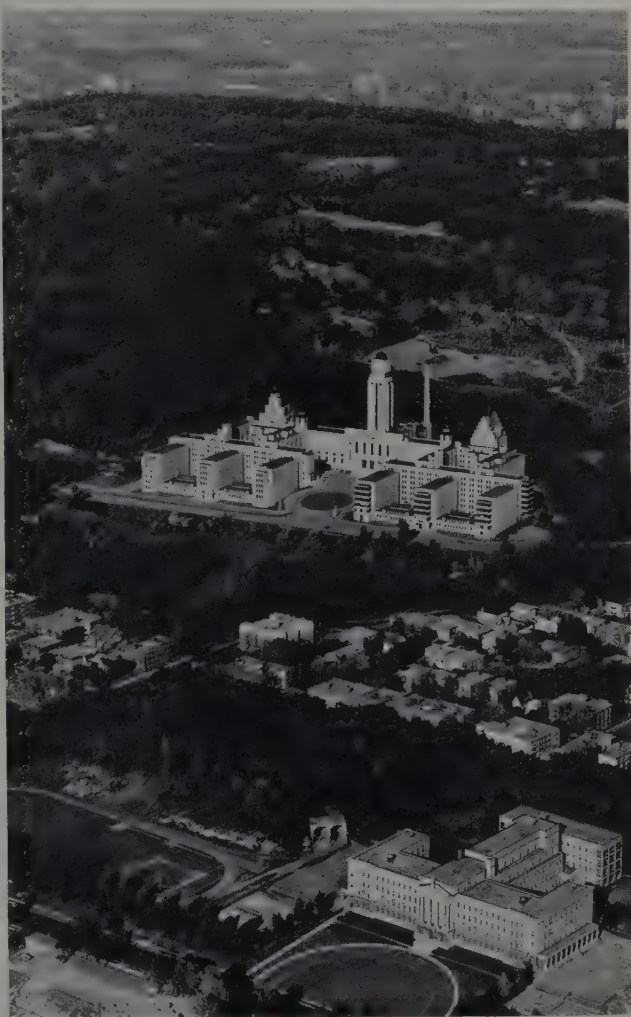
This detachment and the resentment it can engender was shown from the beginning when the Provincial Legislature showed no great willingness to grant McGill a charter. This first difficulty was overcome by the acquisition of a Royal charter, giving the University the style "Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning" which it employs proudly on ceremonial occasions.

The great early influence on McGill was the Scottish universities and the link between McGill and Edinburgh has always been close. The Scottish medical tradition took firm root and the wealthy men who

built and still sustain McGill have also built great hospitals and made Montreal a famous medical centre. With the job in hand of building a nation out of half a continent, it is hardly surprising that the other field in which McGill soon made a reputation was engineering. If the University has great achievements in science to its credit, that is what the men of affairs who founded it

*The splendid modern building which houses the Université de Montréal, Montreal's French-language university, has gone up in the last thirty years. This aerial view looks down across the mountain and, behind it, towards McGill and the harbour*

Hans H. Trevor-Deutsch





*On one side of the lower campus, McGill's science buildings—Physics, Chemistry, Engineering and Biology—stand in a row. Most of them, like the Chemistry and Physics Buildings shown here, were erected by Victorian industrialists of Montreal. It was in the Physics Building that Lord Rutherford worked*





*The new extension to the Redpath Library which has boldly transformed the campus. It honours a famous McGill name in its Stephen Leacock Room and rejoices in a tunnel which links it with the Arts Building a hundred yards away. (Below) The interior of the main reading-room of the Redpath Library*

Max Sauer.





Two pictures, taken at McGill, for which a European university could hardly furnish counterparts. (Above) A Convocation Day parade under the summer sun. The women go separately in academic dress, led by members of the Scarlet Key and Red Wings. These honorary societies for women and men provide stewards—dressed in blazers and sweaters—for important occasions. (Left) A fraternity snow-sculpture in the high spirits of Winter Carnival. Many of the sculptures show fine workmanship which vanishes in the midday sun; but nowhere is the exuberance of college life and the joy of Canadians in their winter better represented



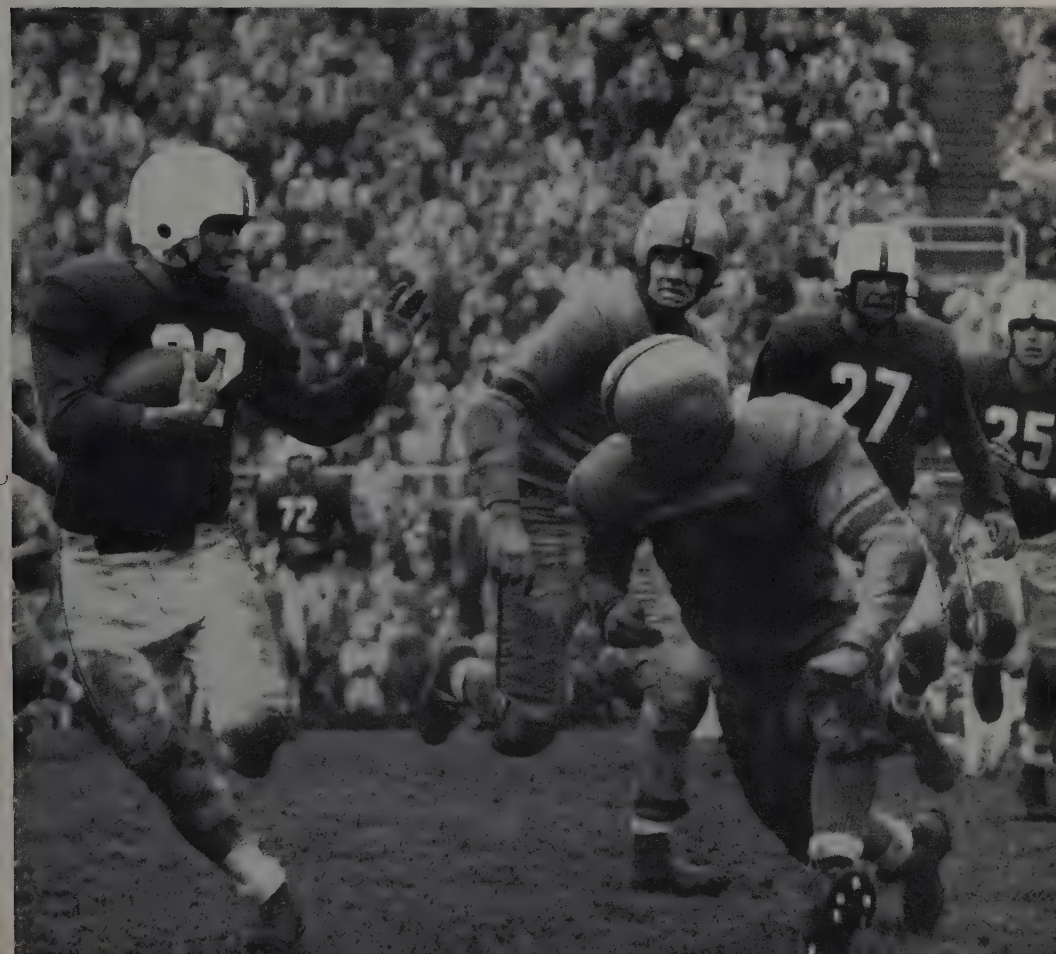
desired; their comparative indifference to some aspects of learning perhaps explains its very modest achievements in understanding the profoundly traditional and religious society by which it is surrounded.

On the other side of Mount Royal, a great modern French-language university, the Université de Montréal, has taken shape in the present century. Yet, in many ways, the two might be a thousand miles from one another. Most of McGill's sport is with the leading Ontario universities (a notable exception being the historic annual Rugby match with Harvard), her graduates go to American and British universities, her professors exchange with English and Scottish equivalents. French is seldom heard spoken on the campus.

*Canadian Rugby is much the same game as its American cousin. McGill's cheering is led by men (and not by 'cheerleaderettes'); this university regulation is strongly disapproved by the undergraduates*

An idea of McGill's constituency is given by the published statistics of where students come from and where graduates go. In 1952-3, for example, only 4724 of the 6615 registered students came from the Province of Quebec. There were 1068 from the rest of Canada, 375 from the United States and 53 from Britain. It is now a favourite university for students from the British West Indies and in that year there were 141. The other 254 came from 51 other countries.

The dispersal of graduates is even wider. Just about half—11,933 out of 23,181 whose addresses were known—lived in the Province of Quebec. There were about 3461 in the United States, 304 in the West Indies, 298 in Britain, 88 in South America, 72 on





*The Chancellor of McGill inspecting the cadet unit affiliated to the Canadian Grenadier Guards at a Founder's Day Parade. Traditions derived from both Britain and the United States have passed equally into the university's life and are now thought of as Canadian—which indeed they are. But the day of James McGill, of Glasgow, is one when British ties are bound to be to the fore*

the Continent of Europe, and 70 in various parts of Africa.

While McGill's origins and many of her sympathies are Scottish, American influence is enormous. The American-style Greek-letter fraternities have been a subject of contention since their secret existence was first discovered. They are accused of snobbery and exclusiveness and cover only about a sixth of the undergraduates. They do, however, provide houses where their members can meet, have lunch and exchange ideas with their brethren from other faculties. In an essentially non-residential university, they are among the few places where undergraduates can find some of the things that colleges make possible in other universities.

For this reason, and because in practice such a large proportion of the leading graduates are fraternity men, the perpetual threat of their abolition is not likely to come to anything.

Those who have not experienced it can scarcely realize how important the ritual and pageantry of football (by which is meant American or Canadian Rugby, similar but not identical games) has made victory in this sport vital for the prestige of North American universities. The Autumn Saturday afternoon game is accompanied by a collegiate jingoism which is stirred by a combination of the trooping of the colour and an all-girl revue. The whole thing—the uniforms, the brass bands, the cheer-leaderettes, the parades





Robert Hindle

(Above) Students are largely responsible for keeping up ski-trails through the Laurentian woods. Saturday morning lectures are attended by students dressed for skiing. (Below) The elected Queen of McGill's Winter Carnival being crowned by M. Camilien Houde, until recently Mayor of Montreal



—is believed to produce “college spirit”; this being the mystic power which should bring victory.

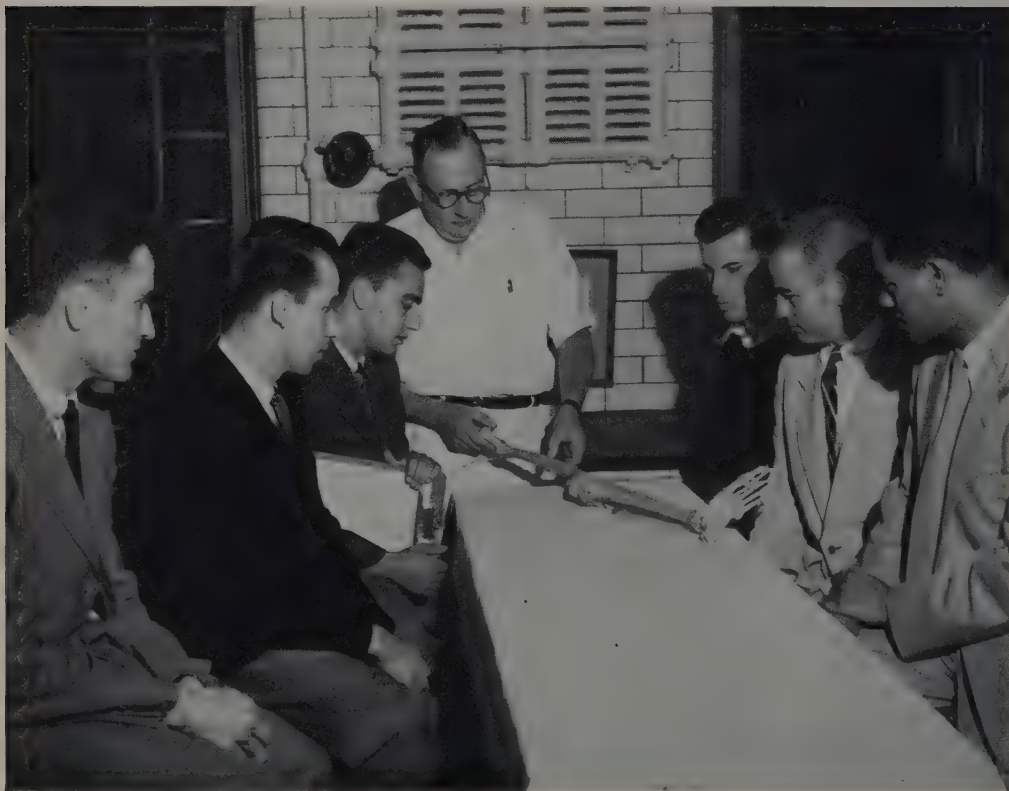
But something in McGill’s system seems to make all this indigestible. Loss has succeeded loss in vital matches. Anxious that so lamentable a condition should be remedied, the authorities have brought in the most up-to-date American coaches; but without effect. Try as it may, and with the best will in the world, McGill is out of its depth in such matters; a dreadful thing, some say.

There are happier subjects. The vigorous student body made up of ex-service men started a Winter Carnival in the years after World War II and it has become an annual event. Montreal’s winter brings plentiful snow and bright sunshine; and the two combine to make a three- or four-day *fête* on the campus and in the hills to the north an

exhilarating experience. A bonfire night is held on Mount Royal and there are inter-collegiate skiing competitions, an ice display, a Carnival Queen, and so on.

Another important institution is the *McGill Daily*, which claims to be the oldest college daily newspaper in the Commonwealth. It is put out editorially entirely by students in their spare time. When I once asked the former editor of a Cambridge weekly student newspaper what he thought of this, he said: “It is a remarkable achievement, but you have to remember that there are Schools of Journalism in North American universities and those students do most of the work.” He was astonished when I told him that no such School had ever existed—or, as far as I knew, been proposed—at McGill. In fact, the *Daily* has provided a steady flow of men who have enriched Canadian journalism.

*Six students from six countries at their first anatomy class with their prosector. These men come from countries as far apart as Bermuda, Chile, Guatemala, Greece, Brazil and Ethiopia. The Medical Faculty of McGill deals annually with a vast flow of applications from all over the world*







*McGill has become a favourite university for students from the British West Indies, many of whom have outstanding academic records. They bring with them music and gaiety and, incidentally, new life for cricket in McGill. Here eight of them are presenting a skit at an International Night*

There must be very few great cities which have wild untamed country only fifty or sixty miles away. The unarable Laurentian shield which covers so much of Canada reaches down almost to Montreal; and this means that a natural playground of lakes, woods and mountains is easily accessible. On winter week-ends, especially, the students migrate to the hills in great numbers. Here the spirit of McGill flourishes. They go as fraternities or groups of friends and rent cottages where around the old Quebec stove they look after themselves. The McGill Outing Club, the most numerous organization on the campus, has its own house where large groups of walkers and rock-climbers (in the autumn and spring) and trail-skiers

(in the winter) are to be found.

In its ordained task of manning Canada's industries and professions, McGill has not let the practical supersede the academic. Many of the professional faculties such as Medicine, Dentistry, Law or Education require a preliminary Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts degree; others, like Engineering or Architecture, give their men a long and severe training which assures that they will have knowledge as well as technique. The Bachelor of Commerce degree is now a popular one, offering men looking towards business some Arts subjects and a good deal of economics and accountancy.

McGill has drawn her staff from throughout the English-speaking world, particularly

from Britain. The present Principal, Dr Cyril James, came from the London School of Economics and the University of Pennsylvania and his Vice-Principal, Dr David Thomson, came from Aberdeen and Cambridge. It does not surprise McGill men that an earlier Principal, Mr Lewis Douglas, later became a distinguished American ambassador to Britain.

Recent developments in specialized post-graduate studies give some idea of McGill's international spirit. Since the war, there have grown up two centres, the Institute of International Air Law and an Institute of

Islamic Studies, which are attracting specialists from many countries. The Institute of International Air Law reflects, of course, the fact that the International Air Transport Association have made their headquarters in Montreal.

It is this concentration on the world beyond which is McGill's greatness and her weakness. The increasing tendency of universities to finance themselves from governments instead of private sources has put the University's financial future into great danger. In Canada, in political practice if not in constitutional theory, the financing of education

is a Provincial responsibility; and the French-speaking majority in the Province of Quebec have always looked on McGill with mixed feelings. The numbers of French-speaking students who enrol every year merely increase the suspicion of the majority that the University is a force for anglicizing and secularizing French Canada.

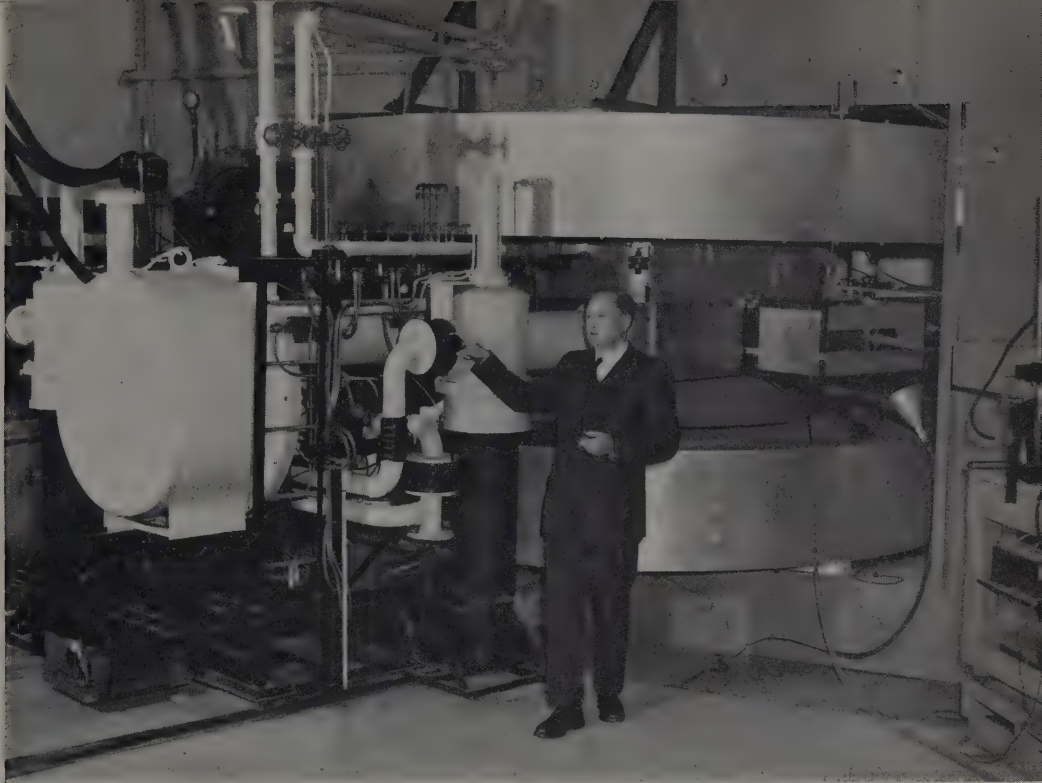
The Quebec Government cannot, therefore, be regarded by McGill as a wealthy benefactor, ready to pay a large proportion of the costs of running a modern university. McGill's increasing need for funds as the Federal subsidies for ex-service students slackened in 1949-50 was a prime factor in inducing the Ottawa Government to introduce a scheme of aid to universities. The money did not, however, reach McGill because the Government decided they would avoid a charge of breaking with the spirit of the Constitution by giving it to those Provincial governments who chose to accept it for the purpose. Quebec refused the money.

Two years of severe deficits were endured in worry and uncertainty and then Quebec gave large, but temporary, grants from the revenue obtained by a new Provincial income tax. A certain amount of Federal money does come in indirectly in grants to such things as the McGill cyclotron, where atomic research is being

*With flags flying, the Canadian Government ship Calanus, in part designed by the Head of McGill's Zoology Department, sets sail for the Arctic with six McGill research men on board. This trip was to study walruses and seals in winter conditions*







*A small and compact building was put up without fanfare after the war to house the cyclotron here shown. Teams of McGill physicists are continuing to play the leading part which has always been theirs in the Canadian atomic energy programme and in fundamental research in nuclear physics*

conducted, and for research and development of the type of the McGill Fence, a part of the radar defence network of North America.

It seems unlikely, however, that McGill will ever receive the 70 per cent of revenues from government sources that British universities now enjoy. Fees will no doubt continue to rise and graduates will be pressed hard to give. The University authorities believe that present levels of taxation make any great increase in endowments unlikely. The present endowments, listed at \$40,000,000, cannot be compared with those of American universities like Harvard, Yale or Princeton, each of which has more endowments than all Canadian universities combined.

There may, nonetheless, be good fortune in McGill's necessity. While universities in other Provinces learn to live from government bounty, the Montreal merchants and other McGill graduates are being forced to maintain their historic generosity despite modern taxes.

There are some who think McGill's industrialist governors call a tune which is not always in keeping with the highest traditions of academic freedom; but few Canadian Provinces have a political stability which would inspire confidence in leaving them to pay the piper and in this respect Quebec can hardly be considered an exception.

McGill can never become an enormously wealthy private university like Harvard; and it does not intend to become a very large university winning in fees what it loses in quality. Its Principal has suggested that it should not try to find places for more than a tenth of the future Canadian student population, a slightly smaller proportion than at present. "Our ideal should be closer to that of Cambridge, Glasgow or Harvard than to the pattern of London, Colombia or Calcutta", he said in a recent annual report.

It is in this spirit and with these standards that McGill looks to its future.

# A Village in Galicia

by A. L. LLOYD

THE village of Rianxo, a place of about 2000 fisherfolk, lies halfway between Coruña and Vigo, in the realm of the late King of the Universe. A long-faced fisherman, wearing a shirt precariously held together by patches of a dozen lovely washed-out colours, told me about the King. Once in three months or so, it seemed, he would make the rounds of his domain, a gaunt tattered man with brass medals and a slanting sash, striding along the road from Santiago de Compostela with the enormous ledger in which he kept the annals of his kingdom. As he approached, the children would form up behind him, full of pride at being in his train. And so he would sweep into the village, past the fishermen's poor houses with handsome stone coats-of-arms set in their whitewashed walls (Rianxo is called "*el pueblo de los escudos*", the village of escutcheons).

If it was summer, the Civil Guard would be sitting on chairs outside their post, picking their teeth in the sun and watching the stately girls go by with baskets of maize or shell-fish on their heads. Having nothing better to do, a couple of Guards could always be found to humour the tattered man's whim, and to fall in beside him as an escort through the place. The procession would make its way across the dilapidated Plaza Vieja with its statue of Christ crucified on which the fishermen hang their oilskins to dry, and along the little alleys where the net-mending women, each with a bare big toe stuck through the mesh, sing at their work in a whisper, and because we are in Galicia, the whisper is a rich three-part harmony that makes the village hum like a divinely melodious bee-hive.

On his way through, the King of the Universe would scatter favours and titles. The barber who shaved him free would be made the Conde de Vigo or Duque de Padrón. The woman who, from her threshold, handed him a couple of sardines on a leaf would graciously be offered the title of Princesa de Coruña. All this, the King would enter in his record-book; that is, he would scribble in the air with his forefinger, for the book containing the annals of his realm was

quite blank. At the far end of the water-front, by the house of the woman whose job it is to blow the conch-shell every time she sees a fishing-boat coming in, his Civil Guard escort would salute and leave him, and his young chamberlains would waver and turn back. As they scampered noisily along the fish-quay, the King of the Universe would strike out for the mountains, with his rags flogging him in the breeze.

One summer, a few years back, the King failed to appear. Some thought he had eaten a poisonous herb which kills horses. Later, peasants from the mountains told what had really happened. Climbing a narrow upland track, the King of the Universe met another King of the Universe coming down. Neither would give way; and, diplomacy failing, the two madmen set upon each other with curses, with sticks, stones, boulders, till in the end our King was killed.

The whole village was desolated by the news. Everyone felt as if the sun had gone in, as if something of grandeur had faded from life. As he told the story, the fisherman scratched his ear and looked at me with his long sorrowful face, as though all the bullets and recriminations of the Civil War were of small account compared to that battle on the hillside between two majestic tramps.

Few people have such a passion for grandeur, such a theatrical sense of existence as these Galician fishermen; and this passion and sense they derive from their poverty. Poverty may strike deep into the stem of life, souring the plant, giving the blossom a bitter twist; or it may have the effect of certain stony soils, producing a sweet spare growth of elegance and charm of a kind rarely seen in fatter lands. Rumanian peasants have it, and so do certain Spaniards, perhaps less in Andalusia and Castile than in the sardine villages of the north-west.

The men and women of this region are among the truest Spaniards of Spain, though they prefer the bagpipes to the guitar, and like to sing in harmony, and take their Catholicism lightly, and do not have that exaggerated regard for virility and virginity that imposes such stresses on, say, Anda-





*All photographs by Leonti F.*

*He is a Galician fisherman of the village of Rianxo. He knows the shoals of his native inlet—the Ria de Arosa—as an astronomer knows the stars. He fishes with a technique that was old when Peter fished on Galilee; not because he knows no better but because more modern gear is for richer men. He is battered, resilient, grave and friendly, with a sharp eye and a rueful shrug for the contrary ways of sardines and statesmen*





*In Rianxo everyone's life centres on the fishing trade. (Above) The women sing a very soft three-part harmony while repairing the nets which are stretched endlessly along the streets and alleys. (Below) The men carrying their nets up from the boats at the end of a trip resemble a slow procession of hooded priests. They bear their burden carefully for nets, like boats, are usually bought on a mortgage that takes a lifetime to pay off*





(Above) When the boats come in the fishermen make for the bar. Their tipple, once rough brandy, is now the cheapest wine. Their favoured games are soubasta and brisca, anarchic games played with cards showing cups, coins, cudgels and swords. (Below) Meanwhile the women are down on the fish-quay, haggling for a few crabs to take inland and barter with the peasants for beans and flour. Much village talk runs on emigration to Buenos Aires











*Once in a while the village wakes to a memorable day. There may be a fiesta with fireworks, or a gaita-player may pipe a fisherman's daughter to her First Communion. At the corners (opposite) children such as Olegaria, the twelve-year-old fish-porter, and her crippled sister who walks on her hands watch the colour of enchantment pass over the streets. The bagpiper is left playing outside the church, while inside, in the half-dark (above), Teresiña Carou kneels in white with her relatives grouped round her, awaiting the great experience*



*Galicia is good country for flowers and village gossip. Much of it goes on across the grocery counter. And nobody knows more people's business than the woman who daily changes the flowers in the church. It seems that big Antonio has torn his net on a hidden rock; young Carmen was seen in Santiago riding pillion with a Civil Guard—for shame; the chemist's new assistant is a Falangist, but agreeable nevertheless; the sexton says he'll believe the atom bomb when he sees one fall . . .*



lusian life. In some respects they are rather like the Irish, and one is often reminded that Galicia is the most Celtic part of the Peninsula. Their country is given to sudden rain-squalls, and to radiance just as sudden as the clouds clear. The men grow potatoes and apples on little lots by the net-sheds. Quite Irish, too, is their devotion to local tradition (though Rianxo's origins are obscure, and may remain so, since the patriotic Falangist mayor donated all the ancient records to a salvage drive, drawing from the Republican fishermen the comment that the Falangists were a people of "*insol-vencia moral*"). They are exuberant on the surface, secretive in the depths. They have passion, pride, but no security, so despite their fierce local sentiment, their mind runs constantly on emigration, in this case to Buenos Aires not Brooklyn.

What does my long-faced Galician fisherman dream of, as he sets his boat-gear to rights and looks across the inlet for weather signs? Power dreams, money dreams he has, of course, like all of us. But in his kind of world, the notion of a poor man becoming rich and having authority is so preposterous, the dream is so gloriously loopy, that he puts it out of his head with a smile, in case he should end up as yet another King of the Universe.

He explains matters thus: "We fish the *xouva*, señor the medium sardine. Men of my kind use an *aparejo* net—you lay it in the sea in a long loop; then you all jump ashore and haul it in. It is a hard and honest way of working, and they tell us the saints fished on Galilee by the same technique and I hope they had more luck than we do.

"Now, a boat costs 8000 pesetas. Nets cost 4000 pesetas apiece, and one needs anything from four to eight of these pieces. So one goes to the Caja Central de Crédito Marítimo for a mortgage. Then one goes fishing; six men, nets, boat. What one gets for the catch is divided by eleven—two shares for the boat, three shares for the nets, one share for each man. How much does a fisherman need to live? Let us say 700 pesetas a month; it's little, but it buys soup. And how much does a fisherman make? In a good year, 6000 pesetas. In a poor year, 3000. A man does not live very high on that, señor. He eats what he can; and when all else fails, he eats his nets."

The speaker confided his dream: he knew of a book called *O Ciprianillo*, which contained

instructions in code for the certain discovery of buried treasure. The priest said the book did not exist, and truly the speaker had never seen a copy, but he knew others who had, and he had hopes of coming upon the book one day. When he did, it would be the making of him. So far, he had been searching for thirty-five years, he said, and shrugged at his own folly.

That night, a group of travelling players arrived in the village. They rigged up a tiny stage in the square at the back of the church, and set a couple of 100-watt bulbs bobbing on a wire for illumination. The show began late. Children came out in their night-dresses and sat on little stools, while the fishermen, some of them barefoot, stood on the cobbles to watch. The company consisted of a clown (the boss of the troupe), a singer, a dancer and a musician with a battered saxophone. The dancer, in Andalusian frills, was like a puppet. The singer had the clear water-coloured voice of all peasant singers from Portugal to Thrace. But it was the clown who took the local fancy. He was a cripple, with one leg shorter than the other, and his whole act was a pantomime demonstration of how he carried off his infirmity with style. A French clown would have played it cruelly; an English clown would have sentimentalized it, stressing the tears behind the laughter. But the humble Galician clown played it as a victory, in a way that pulled down the stars. His last turn was an evocation of a spring day. As he is limping down the road, he sees a pretty girl looking out of her window. To hide his infirmity, he begins to caper like a centaur, like a furious priapic god, until, round the corner, he can gratefully resume his limp, delighted with himself that he has not lost face. When he had finished, some lengths of poor cotton material were raffled to pay for the show, the doll-like dancer clattered on, and the fishermen—whose bare feet had been tickled during the show by the Colorado beetles which abound in Western Galicia—drifted out of the little square and down to their boats, grinning all the more because they recognized in the cripple's predicament something of their own.

Their mates who had been day-fishing were coming back now, and the woman with the conch-shell was making it bellow like a lost bull by the seashore. In the starlight, the wives were already walking down to the quay, very upright, with their flat fish-baskets on their heads.

# On the Lycian Shore

by FREYA STARK

*The following passages and the accompanying photographs are taken from Miss Stark's latest book, The Lycian Shore, to be published this month by John Murray, which describes a sea-voyage (with excursions) along the south-west coast of Turkey. It continues the record of an "exploration into history", down the ages as well as through the Turkish lands, which she began in Ionia (1954)*

THE French archaeologists were at breakfast under a plane tree, beside a bronze bust of Atatürk on a tall pedestal, in the square of Kash which was once Antiphellus. Balconied whitewashed houses, like a Devonshire cottage street, went from it uphill to a Lycian sarcophagus with lion heads and an inscription and fine carved podium, under another plane tree at the top. It was still early: children were passing neat with satchels and white collars; fruit and vegetables were spread along lengths of black cotton on the ground; and on the sea-front camels crouched in circles while their burdens—chiefly timber—were weighed on scales held up by a pole that rested on two men's shoulders. Goat-hair pack-saddles received them, on crooked wooden frames shiny with age; and by nine o'clock they had all been taken to their mountain places by steep ways, while the men of Kash settled quietly to cards.

As for us, we had already visited their theatre—pure and Hellenistic, with no Roman vomitoria, and built up at the back with fine and simple stone. . . . Now we moved on, the *Elfin* heavy in the water under so many passengers, but filled with a pleasant

murmur of conversation, of experts and amateurs in harmony, enjoying the same things from different points of view. The most haunted coast of the world was opening its afternoon fans of light, its legendary emptiness and shining promontories before us. The shore route followed by Alexander went inland here, and its hedgehog outposts of limestone were honeycombed with fortresses—if one looked closely through the maquis—built chiefly when Alexander's successors were fighting for the seaboard of their ships.

In an age when there were no maps to speak of, how did he get his knowledge of the routes he would follow, in a country almost as solitary, and over roads even worse than now?

There must always have been an interest in geography among the sea-going peoples. Plutarch would have us see young men in wrestling-grounds and old men in shops as early as the 5th century B.C. sitting in semi-circles sketching the lie of Sicily and the nature of the sea around it and the havens; and Alexander from his adolescence showed a geographical bent. When the Persian ambassadors reached his father's court, he asked

the distances of places and the line of the roads through the upper provinces of Asia. But, when his time came, the mercenaries, the most characteristic and important product of the 4th century B.C., must have given him most of his actual information.

The first mercenaries we hear of came from the Carian and Ionian seaboard. They sent men in the 7th century to Egypt, and a Colophonian name is scratched among others on the leg of the Abu Simbel Colossus. Antimenides of Mitylene served Nebuchadnezzar; and Croesus the Lydian sent Eurybatus to the Peloponnesus to recruit among the Greeks.



A. J. Thornton





All photographs by the author

(Above) "*Balconied whitewashed houses, like a Devonshire cottage street*", at Kash, the ancient Antiphellus, on the Lycian shore of Turkey. (Below) *The Hellenistic theatre at Antiphellus overlooks the sea*



In the 5th century, the Arcadian hoplites appear—deserters to Xerxes, “men that lacked sustenance and would be employed”. They fought for Pissuthnes the Persian in Caria in 427; and served both sides at Syracuse; and were the bulk of the Ten Thousand with Cyrus. Thirty years later they were able to say that wherever men needed mercenaries, none were chosen in preference to the Arcadian.

With Xenophon's *Anabasis*, the mercenary comes into his own. He coincides with the end of the Peloponnesian war, which made it easy to collect wanderers whose fields had been destroyed; and friendly relations with Persia now brought the mercenary in touch with those who had the money to pay him. One may remember that Athens, in the thick of the Sicilian campaign, could not afford to keep the Thracian auxiliaries and sent them back. The steep 4th-century rise of the hired armies is largely due to the Persian exchequer. Increasing distances too, at which campaigns were fought, and the development of military science especially in Sicily, made the expert essential in war.

Through the 4th century one can follow the gradual eclipse of the citizen army, up to 338 B.C. and the battle of Chaeronea, where it died in its ranks as it stood. It was good in some later moments for the defence of its own walls, as in Rhodes—yet even this achievement became rare after improved methods of siege were invented. One can watch the generals turning from amateurs to professional soldiers . . . They still depend on and obey their city, but their armies have become weapons personal to themselves. They can discipline and punish in a way that was impossible to the citizen commander: Iphicrates put two of his captains to death and disarmed and dismissed their men, as an earlier Athenian never could have done. The poverty of the cities after the long war made the general independent; he often had to rely on his own resources if he wanted to see his troops not only paid but fed. Chares, when short of funds, was sent for by the Persian Artabazus; his soldiers compelled him to go, and he received a present with which he was able to furnish his entire army with supplies: and this inspired the taunt of Demosthenes on mercenary armies, that take a peep at the city's war, and go sailing away, and the general follows, because he cannot lead without giving them their pay.

The Sicilian tyrants based a new fashion in tyranny upon the mercenary, and many copied him, like Jason the Thessalian, who

made trial every day of the men under him, leading them in full armour, “both on the parade ground and whenever he is on a campaign. And whomsoever among his mercenaries he finds to be weaklings he casts out, but whomsoever he finds to be fond of toil and fond of the dangers of war he rewards, some with double pay, others with triple pay, others even with quadruple pay, and with gifts besides, as well as with care in sickness and magnificence in burial”.

It was a short step to Philip of Macedon, and a natural climax; for the mercenary depended on brilliant leadership for his existence, and his existence was a need of his time. Towards the second half of the century, in the revolts of Egypt or of satraps, which continually occupied the Persian kings, success came to depend exclusively on the presence of heavy or even light-armed Greeks—so much so that, in 358 B.C., Artaxerxes the King tried to safeguard himself against revolution by disbanding the provincial governors' mercenary armies. The satrap Orontes, being thus unprovided, and attacked when the professionals he had sent for had not yet reached him, drew up his native ranks with Greek interpreters and in Greek armour, and circulated a rumour of the mercenaries' arrival, and saved himself from attack.

As the century went on, hard things were said of these people, whom Isocrates describes as the common enemies of all mankind, “hiring soldiers who are better off dead than alive”. His is the settled citizen's point of view, whose life is disarranged by disorder—the point of view, in the last war, of well-to-do French or Italians towards the Resistance which continually threatened their private security. Their real, legitimate dislike, if they had known it, was not the young man hiding in the mountains or—in the days of Isocrates—the poorly paid trooper in his shifting camp, but war itself, which turns peace-loving men into these ways. For who were these mercenaries, if not peasant farmers who had been the constitutional backbone of the citizen armies, or exiles made homeless by some revolution, of whom over twenty thousand assembled at Olympia in 324 B.C. to hear the welcome news of their recall?

It is noticeable that prosperity at this time is attributed, by anyone who writes about it, to the fact that some region had escaped invasion—Chios, Cos, Cyprus, Corcyra or Rhodes. They gave rich loot at their first raiding and then, if the wars revisited them, their fields untended fell into decay, and the owners, too poor to re-establish them, were





*The Sound of Aperlae (Kekova), with its calm reflections, seen from the battlements of the castle*

forced to sell. By the middle of the century, in Attica, big farms were the rule instead of peasant holdings, and Aristotle wrote wistfully about ancient laws that kept a democracy of husbandmen together, and allowed none to own more than a certain quantity of land. Meanwhile the young went off: perhaps they sold their property to provide a marriage portion for their sisters, and went abroad with Iphicrates to Thrace, and made some money, and returned. Yet the pay was poor enough, until Alexander stretched the East at their feet. Four obols a day (about 6d.) was allowed for a Peloponnesian League hoplite in 383 B.C.—only slightly above the level reached by an unskilled slave. Few can have taken to soldiering from choice.

Out of these wages they bought their own food at the towns where they stopped, or in the markets that attended an army. . .

As for the sailors, their meal in the days of Thucydides was barley cake kneaded with oil and wine. And one wonders, not at the hardness of these homeless men, but that loyalty survived amongst them and, in a life torn out of its roots, built up a new, professional honour, which they usually maintained.

In the early time, at the turn of the 5th century, there was no organized system of recruiting. According to Isocrates, the cities

spent more on their gifts to the recruiting officers than on their wages to the soldiers, while commanders went around, like the Boeotian Coeratadas mentioned by Xenophon, advertising themselves for employment. The cities had trouble too with the honesty of their generals, who were apt to ask pay for more troops than they had. But the coming and going grew easier as relations with Persia became closer, and the numbers of the mercenaries increased and their gathering-centres were known. Rising from about 25,000 at the beginning of the century, the average number of men in service remained not less than 50,000 from 350 B.C. onwards when the Egyptian wars employed them more and more. In 369 the Persian King sent his Greek agent to mainland Greece to promote a general peace there, so that he might recruit more freely; the lands which provided the good soldiers became increasingly important into the Roman rule.

Among such, this southern coast of Asia Minor must have been counted, with a brave, poor, hardy people and forests of cedar, cypress and pine for ships. After Alexander's death, Eumenes of Cardia came there recruiting; and before that, in 350 B.C., the Greeks of the seaboard sent 6000 men to help the Persian King. Many of the Rhodian

slingers must have come from among the shepherds of the Peraea. Young men, like the Lycian interpreter among the Scythians, were probably found scattered everywhere in the Persian lands; and older men, returned to their thin mountain fields, would talk then of Media, Phoenicia and Babylonia as now, in the remotest Turkish district, one may hear some account of Korea or the United States. From such people, with the Greek language current between them, Alexander could learn without the teaching of maps.

But, for the inhabitants of the coast-land, what difficulties were brought by his invasion! It added one more tangle to the loyalties, already so complicated, of Asia Minor.

The word *loyalty* is so black-and-white, so often misapplied, so double-faced and hard to recognize from one side to the other, that perhaps it would be better to leave it altogether out of use? Its presence is assumed, its absence blamed, with a partial and unreasonable passion—rarely the same for him who speaks and him who hears from even the most slightly divergent angle; and the fact is that the word is a collective, whose use with a singular meaning is almost without exception a mistake.

There is always more than one loyalty to be considered. Race, government, custom, origin, religion—one has to choose between them, and the problem is not a simple matter easily dismissed. . .

The loyalties of Asia, however many and however divergent, had grown respectable with age; and the only way to supersede them—and indeed the only way to establish lasting empire anywhere—was and is to bring to them a pattern of civilization whose intrinsic merits they could feel to be better than their own. By this means, in the mind of Alexander and his successors as well as through their actions, the Hellenization of Asia was later accomplished, as it had been accomplished long before in the barbarian valleys of Caria and Lycia, where we were sailing.

These valleys now ran parallel with the coast and out of sight. Their mountain lines were fluid one behind the other in four unbroken ridges of stone . . . The water too, near the land, was stained with shadows, while we floated down an oyster-coloured sound. We were among islands, and had the long backbone of Kekova—the ancient Cisthene-Dolichiste—on our right, and were winding between pale outcrops of rock with small Byzantine ruins. Presently the little town of Kekova, the ancient Aperlae, was there on its hill before us, as though, sur-

rounded by the mother-of-pearl evening, the pearl itself appeared. No ripple, no voice, no movement disturbed it; its calm reflection, of tombs and Crusading battlements and arched Crusading windows, lay there elongated in the water, out of focus at the edge so that its outlines were jagged, as if broken spears of long-forgotten battles had fallen in the sea.

Three small blue boats were in a shallow haven whose quays and slips have sunk beneath the water. An old gun to tie up to, and a few ancient stones piled at random, made the landing-stage. From it the houses climbed, scattered sparingly among olives, within walls that had grown loose for them like a garment; they led to a ridge where a Ptolemaic fort held one pinnacle, and the castle, Venetian or Genoese, the other. Its Ghibelline battlements, stormed no doubt during assaults and sieges, had been mended by Seljuk or Ottoman and in 1818 still enclosed some Turkish cannon. They curved across the hill summit and half hid, even from the deck of *Elfin* as we neared them, the seats of a miniature theatre carved in the rock at the castle's foot. Fields spread below, on the inland side of the ridge, in level patches of bright harvested land; and everywhere, in the cliff under the acropolis, on the crest of the castle walls, pressed among houses or standing half in water where we landed, the tombs and sarcophagi were scattered, as if the meagre inhabitants of today were being invaded by their more numerous dead.

There are now not more than thirty-five or forty families. Their harvest of parched wheat (or *burgol*) was spread on black cloths on the flat roofs, drying in the sun. And the women came out kindly, offering an egg, or a drink of muddy water from their goatskins—all that they had to give.

When we left, after some hours, the whole picture of Kekova was spread out in the sunset before us, painted in mortal weakness by poverty and time. It was disturbing and strangely satisfying. Any alleviation or improvement would have seemed impertinent,—a contrast too startling to be borne. For a haunted loveliness was woven into these mean constituents and the dignity it gave them was not to be judged in terms of comfort. The visible world had chosen to build its own perfection out of the short-comings of the human material; and its frailty was not to be counted by success or value, but by this atmosphere of loveliness in which it lingered, beyond the realms of judgement, like the blind loyalties of men.



# Scandinavian Diversity

by Sir HARRY LUKE, K.C.M.G., D. Litt.

*Among the author's many journeys two—in 1951 and 1954—were undertaken as lecture tours in the Scandinavian countries. They are fully narrated in the third volume of his autobiography, Cities and Men, to be published this month by Geoffrey Bles, from which the present article is extracted*

SOME people may be under the impression that there is a monotony about the Scandinavian scene and background. No doubt all Scandinavians have certain attributes in common: they are sun- and fresh air-worshippers while also museum-minded; they are adepts at the art of government no less than at the art of living. That is to say that they are highly civilized people with an equal understanding of social legislation and good food; but they have contrived to give to their civilization the impress not of uniformity but of a most agreeable diversity.

Copenhagen is the least "Scandinavian" of the northern capitals: its varied architectural strands are woven into a pattern that epitomizes, with its own style and finish, the traditional culture of all Western Europe. The terrific Christian IV, who lost an eye in battle and wore a pigtail down one side of his forehead, brother-in-law of James I and most brilliant of the post-mediaeval Danish kings, adorned it with splendid examples of the Danish counterpart of Jacobean; Nyhavn off Kongens Nytorv recalls the canals of old Amsterdam; Bredgade with its Baroque palaces—one of them the residence of the British Ambassador—might be a street in princely-episcopal Salzburg. Indeed, it is even better, so discreetly elegant is its dignity, so consummate its grace. Only the ugly modern red brick of the Russian church on one side, of a Roman Catholic church on the other, interrupts its harmony with harsh dissonance. Amalienborg Square with the royal palaces recalls the homogeneity of the contemporary Place Stanislas in Nancy but, smaller and less grandiose, has an enchanting intimacy of its own.

For the modern Scandinavian touch you have to go out to the Bishop Grundtvig Church in the suburbs, or, if you seek it in another medium, to the Langelinie Promenade along the Sound. In the church, with its organ-like façade, you will find an austere purity of line in brick; by the Langelinie, just off the shore, a version in bronze of Hans

Christian Andersen's most endearing character. Looking wistfully from her rocky perch across the water with eternal longing for her young Prince, the Little Mermaid is easily, I should imagine, the most loved statue in the world.

It is an anomaly that Denmark, now by far the smallest of the three Scandinavian kingdoms, should for so long have ruled the other two. No other country can be so thickly dotted with castles as this ancient little land of rovers and warriors. And to judge from the astounding profusion of works of art—pictures, sculpture, tapestries, furniture, jewellery—that has found its way from France, Italy, Germany and elsewhere not only into the royal castles and palaces that are open to the public but into those of the nobility and gentry, no other people can have been as acquisitive as the Danes and at the same time as discerning. Their taste was clearly as impeccable when they were scouring Europe for articles of vertu as it is in their porcelain today.

The courtyard of Kronborg Castle at Helsingør (Elsinore to us) at the northern entrance to the Sound is now the scene in summer of a Hamlet Festival; Christian IV's Rosenborg in Copenhagen is a superb museum of the treasures of the Danish kings and the perfect setting for their lovely regalia and Crown Jewels. Between the two rises—on the water like Chenonceau—the same indefatigable builder's castle of Frederiksborg, once the scene of Danish coronations and now also a museum. Here is the chapel of Denmark's oldest Order of Chivalry, the Elephant, the shields of whose Knights illustrate five centuries of European heraldry. And not only European. The only other country to have an Order of the Elephant (in this case a white one) is Siam. One might think that no two countries could be more apart than Denmark and Siam, yet, oddly enough, they have more things in common than the name of their senior Orders. Strong commercial links unite the two, no doubt the reason why so many members of the Siamese Royal House have



Rudolf Olsen

*Copenhagen shows a blend of the more gracious styles of traditional European architecture. Amalienborg Square (above), formed by four uniform royal palaces, is Northern Baroque at its elegant best. (Below) Nyhavn, the 17th-century "New Harbour", recalls a time when Dutch influence was widespread*

Thoby







*The Royal Collection, Rosenborg*



While much of Copenhagen exemplifies the traditions of previous centuries, it has room, too, for Scandinavia's stimulating diversity. (Above) Rosenborg Castle was built between 1610 and 1625 by the great Christian IV, most brilliant of the post-mediaeval Danish monarchs. Now a museum, it houses the regalia of the Danish Crown. Contrast with this the highly successful example of modernistic church architecture (left) erected in 1921 by public subscription to commemorate Bishop Grundtvig, theologian, poet and educationalist. The architect has been inspired in part by his country's mediaeval parish churches, but he has also found a new means of perpetuating the soaring qualities of Gothic



*by Brammer and C. Larsen, Elsinore*

(Above) One of the landmarks for which the Dane homeward bound from overseas looks out most eagerly is the Castle of Kronborg at Elsinore. (Below) Denmark claims to be the oldest monarchy in the world, and its kings, queens and princes are buried in the lovely red brick cathedral of Roskilde in Zealand

*by Dansk*





visited Denmark and have added the Danish Elephant to their own. Several of their escutcheons mingle on the walls of Frederiksborg chapel with those of the dynasties of Christendom.

Alike in Denmark, Norway and Sweden the people take the same sort of proud, personal, affectionate interest in their Royal Families that we do in ours. It is in fact an ancient usage in Denmark for the Chief Minister to *tutoy* his sovereign on particularly solemn occasions, as when King Christian X rode across the old border into northern Slesvig on its restoration to Denmark after World War I and was apostrophized by his Premier with the intimate "thou". His grandfather Christian IX, "the father-in-law of Europe", included among his sons-in-law King Edward VII and the Emperor Alexander III of Russia; one of his sons was King George I of the Hellenes; a grandson is King Haakon of Norway. In Christiansborg Castle in Copenhagen there hangs a painting of Christian IX receiving the visit of the Greek king in 1903, the year in which both father and son were celebrating the completion of forty years on their respective thrones—surely a unique dynastic coincidence.

For five centuries the kings and queens and other members of the Danish Royal House have been buried in the Cathedral of Roskilde, nineteen miles from the capital, a Westminster Abbey in mellow brick.

One of the stimulating things about travelling in Scandinavia, particularly in Denmark and Sweden, is the juxtaposition of the old and traditional with the very new. Take, for example, Aarhus in Jutland, Denmark's second largest city. Its new University, last word in the functional, is the just pride of the citizens of Aarhus and Jutland in general. But close by is the "Gamle By" (meaning the "Old Town"), a collection of forty-eight 17th- and 18th-century houses brought here from various parts of the country and reassembled in streets, complete with the furnishings of their periods, to form one of those living museums in which Scandinavia delights.

The same contrast may be observed in the southernmost Swedish Province of Scania. Glory of Scania is the superb Romanesque cathedral of Lund (built by the Danes), flanked by another museum of the Gamle By type; twelve miles away, in the village of Dalby, is Sweden's oldest stone church. But in Scania's capital, Malmö, I was shown what is possibly the biggest and most modern theatre in northern Europe. The auditorium at its maximum extent can seat 1700 with

standing-room for another 500, but can be reduced by means of screens on rollers to either of two smaller capacities. The theatre is equipped with all the latest pieces of theatrical machinery and with gadgets of every sort, and behind the stage are two workshops, the size of large hangars, for the construction of the sets. Adjoining it is an intimate little theatre to seat 200. In the *foyer* (which the Swedes spell *foajé*) are show-cases with displays (changed twice a week) from the smartest shops.

Norway's attractions are scenic rather than artistic. Stavanger in the south, exporter of brisling to Britain, has a rustic Romanesque cathedral, country cousin to that of Lund.

The remains of the mediaeval wooden buildings of the Hanseatic League in Bergen are redolent of the time when it was the northern headquarters of that powerful organization, which acquired monopolies in trade and fishing in Norway in 1343, its influence lingering on until the buildings were sold in 1775. Oslo certainly lacks the mellow elegance of Copenhagen, the lagoon-like beauty of Stockholm, yet its new Town Hall is no unworthy runner-up of that of Sweden's capital, and there is something awe-inspiring about its three Viking ships so impressively displayed in a special museum. Opinions may differ about the Norwegian sculptor Gustav Vigeland, and some of the hundred and fifty examples of his work to which Frogner Park is devoted are awkward, clumsy, even downright ugly. But there is no denying the power, ingenuity, indeed the genius displayed in his sixty-foot monolith representing the cycle of life, every square inch filled with a part of the almost unbelievably intricate design which never loses itself among its innumerable convolutions and contortions or comes to a dead end.

For Norway's noblest and most monumental building, as well as for one of its lightest and most graceful, you have to go north to the ancient capital of Nidaros, now Trondheim, where the Norwegian monarchs, including King Haakon VII, have been crowned in the surprisingly splendid mediaeval grey stone cathedral. The other is the royal residence, the Stiftsgaarden, a charming simple Baroque house of wood.

Until I first went to Sweden I used to think the Mellon Art Gallery in Washington the most beautiful 20th-century building I had seen. I then transferred my suffrage unhesitatingly to Stockholm's Town Hall on Lake Mälär. It is the Doge's Palace in a modern



Mittet, Norway



(Left) Norway's early political (and still its ecclesiastical) centre was the northern city of Trondheim. Founded by King Olav Tryggvason in the 10th century, it was in mediaeval times the place where the kings were chosen and kept court. They are still crowned in the cathedral which rose in the course of centuries over the shrine of St Olav. In the transepts remains much interesting Romanesque work; the beautiful and unusual octagon at the east end is 12th-century; the lofty Gothic west end is a restoration, necessitated by many disastrous fires. (Above) Contrasting strangely with this noble stone cathedral, so unexpected in these latitudes, is the charming wooden Royal mansion in 18th-century Baroque, the Shiftsgaarden, perhaps even more unexpected so far north. (Opposite, top) The works of the Norwegian sculptor Gustav Vigeland, finely displayed in Frogner Park, Oslo, culminate in a sixty-foot monolith representing the cycle of life. (Opposite, bottom) The sturdy solidity of Oslo Town Hall (1931-1950) is equally Norwegian yet utterly different in character





K. Hartvig



AS. Aasen



Berndt Johnson

(Above) Glory of Scandinavian Romanesque is the great cathedral of Lund in the South Swedish province of Scania. (Below) On the other hand, Scania's capital of Malmö, not far away, boasts one of the biggest and most modern theatres in northern Europe; it is elaborately equipped and can seat up to 1700

By courtesy of the Swedish Travel Bureau







Grafisk Konst

*Stockholm Town Hall "swims on the waters" like its prototype, the Doge's Palace. Its architect has somehow contrived a synthesis of Venetian Gothic, Classical, Byzantine and even Renaissance features*





A. Norstedt & Söner

*Milles's "Sea-God" in Stockholm, "salaciously, possessively, provocatively, triumphantly gloating as he crushes the little sea-nymph . . . creating an impression of terrific, truculent power"*

idiom and, like its Venetian prototype, it "swims on the waters", as Selma Lagerlöf said so beautifully of Stockholm as a whole.

And the detail is as good as the general effect. The "Golden Hall" is a happy combination of Byzantine and early Scandinavian, the plain, Monreale-like mosaic surfaces of the upper parts of the walls surmounting figures from early Swedish history that

suggest the Bayeux Tapestry. The "Blue Room"—the great inside courtyard roofed with glass—has walls of chipped, warm red brick and is blue only under a clear sky. Cleverly placed in a niche of a corridor is a copy of a mediaeval wooden statue of St Eric; the 18th-century "Oval Room" is a perfect setting for its Gobelin tapestries yet somehow fits perfectly into the general scheme. In this remarkable building the most incongruous elements are blended with almost incredible success into an harmonious entity.

The South American Republics are peppered with more bad statues to the square mile—due to the heroes of the War of Liberation, or rather, to their modellers—than anywhere else I have been. Sweden possesses more good ones. This is partly because Swedes (and Scandinavians generally) are outstandingly statue-minded, partly because Sweden possessed in Carl Milles the man whom many (myself included) regard as the greatest sculptor since Rodin. Look, for example, at his exquisite Orpheus Fountain in front of Stockholm's Concert House or at the "Sun Singer" by the Rigsdag building. My own favourite, also in Stockholm, is certainly less beautiful than these, but has a fascination all its own. It is the "Sea-God"—a fat, glossy, none too benign sea-elephant of smoothly polished granite at the edge of one of the quays—salaciously, possessively, provocatively, triumphantly gloating as he crushes the little sea-nymph to the folds of his obscenely gross torso, creating an impression of terrific, truculent power.

Ever since I can remember, I have been fascinated by walled towns. For eight years I lived in sight of Mdina or Notabile, the original capital of Malta enclosed by an unbroken cincture of curtains and bastions;





By courtesy of the Swedish Travel Bureau

One of the most perfect walled towns in Europe is Visby on the Swedish island of Gotland. Always a site of commercial importance, it had contacts with the Mediterranean even in remote antiquity and it had come by the Dark Ages to stand at the cross-roads of northern and western trade. "In the 12th century the Hanse merchants raised it to the height of its prosperity and built themselves substantial houses, many of which survive . . . They devoted a part of their profits to the soul-insuring foundation of churches." The walls with their bastions (above) surround the old city on all but the sea side. Within them survive the remains of many of these Gothic churches, though only the cathedral (right) is still roofed and in use





for four years inside the walls of Jerusalem, for two later ones within a stone's throw of them. At the outbreak of World War I, I was occupying a house—part mediaeval, part Turkish—on the Roccas bastion of the fortifications of the Cypriot capital of Nicosia; on returning from that war to my duties in Cyprus I moved, after a spell in Paphos, to Famagusta, whose Venetian *enceinte* surrounds a 13th-century town studded with Gothic churches of golden sandstone. I have delighted in the little walled cities of Tuscany and Franconia and in the rugged Castilian stronghold of Avila, highest town in Spain and one of its oldest and coldest. I have paid repeated visits to Rhodes and to Dubrovnik, that oligarchy perhaps still best known as Ragusa, whose nobles, entering into a voluntary compact of celibacy, committed caste-suicide in protest against Napoleon's extinction of their ancient independence.

When I became Commissioner of Famagusta in 1918 a friend sent me a book called *Villes mortes d'Orient et d'Occident*, from which I learned for the first time of the glories of Visby in the Swedish island of Gotland. I had to wait thirty-five years for the chance to see them, but they were well worth waiting for. The towers and their connecting walls surround the city on all but the sea side, like those of Ragusa; the Gothic churches, all disused except the cathedral, most of them roofless but otherwise maintained in repair, make of it a Famagusta of the north. Even in remote antiquity Visby had contacts with Cretan and other ancient Mediterranean civilizations; already in the Dark Ages it stood at the cross-roads of northern and western trade. In the local museum I saw large bowls heaped high with silver Anglo-Saxon coins in mint condition. In the 12th century the Hanse merchants raised it to the height of its prosperity and built themselves substantial houses, many of which survive. Again like those of Famagusta, they devoted a part of their profits to the soul-insuring foundation of churches. Then came one of those sudden, unforeseen deflection of trade routes (such as accounted in another part of the world for the eclipse of Petra by Palmyra) which reduced Visby not quite to a dead city but to the condition of a placid, rose-embowered little provincial town and summer holiday resort.

My kind hosts for my week-end in this enchanting place were the Bishop of Gotland, Dr Anderberg, and his charming "Fru Biskopina", a daughter of the famous Arch-

bishop Söderblom of Uppsala. The Swedish Government has recently rebuilt the episcopal palace on the site of the mediaeval one (destroyed by fire) in the heart of the walled town, and has furnished its handsome reception rooms with historical furniture and pictures from the Stockholm museums, each room in a different period. Erastian, perhaps, but what an admirable example of enlightened state activity.

In one other respect is Famagusta linked in my mind with Sweden, namely through its connexion with St Bridget of Sweden (Birgitta to the Swedes). St Bridget embodied in her person a number of qualities not usually found in combination. Thus we tend to associate female saints with the state of virginity, the virtue of poverty, early and uncomfortable ends, rather than with feudal and matronly responsibilities, extensive travel, a serene and honoured old age. Yet Bridget was a member of the royal dynasty of the Folkunga, the owner of wide lands and the mother of eight children.

While proceeding on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land this lady found herself in Famagusta, then one of the wealthiest and most luxurious of Mediterranean sea-ports. Here, even in the 14th century, a period by no means remarkable for the austerity of its morals, life was regarded as approaching the scandalous and drew down upon the Cypriot city the scathing denunciation of the Swedish Saint. She reserved, it is true, as became so devoted a servant of the Holy See, the worst of her prophecies of retribution for the godless Orthodox, but none the less included all Famagusta in her disagreeable forecasts. Preaching in the great square in front of the cathedral, where somewhat later Othello was to lament his domestic infelicities, this mediaeval Cassandra foretold dire ruin upon "the new Gomorrha".

The Orthodox retorted by calling her "*gunē schismatikē kai engastrimuthos*"—a schismatic woman and a ventriloquist, but within a century the Genoese had ruined Famagusta's thriving commerce and fulfilled all too literally her gloomy but accurate vaticinations.

This many-sided lady died in Rome in her eighth decade and was brought back to her native land for burial. She lies with one of her daughters in a coffin behind the high altar of the church of Vadstena, her little town between Stockholm and Lake Vättern, one of the most vigorous personalities of the Middle Ages.